



From the Principal's Desk

Congratulations to everyone for making it through to the end of term 3. The last weeks have been busy ones for students and staff alike as assessments for all VCE units have been conducted. I have been impressed with the commitment that has been shown in getting work finalized, particularly in folio based subjects.



As the school holidays begin, a number of staff have included articles in this issue regarding advice on how to make the most of this break and your studies. Importantly I would like to encourage our young people to look after their personal wellbeing. They should ensure that they get enough good sleep. This may mean turning off those inseparable electronic devices at least 30 minutes before getting into bed!

The holidays are also an opportune to get eating habits back on track if they have been derailed by the desire for comfort food.

Having a school with so many students undertaking a visual arts subject provides us with a wonderful situation where we have so many high quality pieces of work being produced. I hope that many parents, friends of Swinburne Senior and prospective students can make it along to the annual Arts Show and Open Day on Sunday 16 October (12:00 to 3:00pm).

I wish all members of the Swinburne Senior SC community a happy and healthy term break. School resumes for everyone on Monday 3 October.

Michael O'Brien
Principal

Assistant Principal's News

The end of year examinations are fast approaching, with all students finalising their assessments and starting to revise. As students begin preparing for their examinations they should set high expectations for their achievement and seek advice and support from their teachers.

We wish all students the best of luck in their exams. At home parents can support their child by:

- Providing a quiet study space free from distractions
- Encouraging your son or daughter to eat well and get plenty of sleep

- Encouraging them to limit social engagements around this time

Dates to remember:

- Wednesday 5 October Year 12 English/EAL/Literature/English Language practice exams at 10:00am in the Auditorium
- Thursday 16 October Arts Show Opening at 7:00 pm in the Auditorium
- Sunday 18 October College Open Day & Arts Show 12:00 to 3:00pm
- Monday 17 October Year 12 students' final formal lessons. All Unit 4 work due
- Tuesday 18 October Year 12 students Final Day Celebrations
- Wednesday 26 October to Friday November 18 VCE Unit 3 October/ November Examinations.

I wish you all a safe holiday.

Robert Lewkowicz
Assistant Principal

From the Year 12 Manager's Office

Term 3 has come to a close and many Year 12 Students have completed the Learning Outcomes for their school-based assessments. It is now time for Year 12 Students to shift their attention to preparing for the end of year examinations.

Over the break, students should be working to consolidate their notes from Unit 3 and 4. It is important that students begin to practise responding to exam questions under timed conditions. Students should take some time to explore the VCAA website, where there are many past exams, including examination reports and sample answers. These are very useful tools in preparing for the exams.

If any student finds themselves still behind in coursework as they go into the holidays, they should take the two week opportunity to ensure that they are completely up to date with all of their subjects before they return in October. Students will have less than three weeks of classes when they return for Term 4 and the opportunities to redeem any missed class time will be very limited.

I would like to wish all of the Year 12 Students a safe and restful break and I look forward to seeing them return in Term 4 to make their final push for success.

Joel Guye
Year 12 Manager

VCE Expo for Year 11 students

For the first time this year, we held a VCE Expo for Year 11 students on 1 September in the Auditorium during an extended Mentor.

The aim of this event was for Year 11 students to complete a "Passport to Year 12" which included making informed subject selections for Year 12.



This year, we have introduced the online subject selection process for the first time and realised that students needed time with the various Year 12 subject teachers to discuss the course outlines, skills required, tertiary pre requisites before making their online selections. We also had a Careers stand, a VET stand and a Distance Education stand so students could explore options in those areas too.



The event was a huge success and there was a buzz as 150 plus Year 11 students met with the various teachers, made informed decisions and got the subject teachers to sign off on their choices.

Subject selections now need to be keyed into the online system before the end of Term 3 and interviews booked with the Year 12 Management team in Term 4. The School Reception will arrange these bookings for you.

Gita Menon
Year 12 Assistant Manager

Holidays, homework and exam preparation, how to make the most of the two week 'study opportunity' formerly known as the September term break.

As we come to the end of a very busy term for all students and especially for those in Year 12 who are completing their final semester at secondary school, everyone is looking forward to a well-deserved break. Term three has been productive but exhausting with so many assessment tasks to be completed over the past few weeks. Right now students really need some time for reflection and rest as they ready themselves for the onslaught of hard work and mixed emotions that characterise the slog, celebration and study that is term four.

Next term is all about exam preparation but students should not wait until then to begin, they should plan to spend part of each day during the holidays on task. Without the routine of daily attendance it is common for students to revert to the pleasures of late nights and lingering under the doona during the day. We suggest that such behaviours be deferred until after the exams are over. Now, more than ever, routine can be a very important, if not always pleasant, aide to performing at one's best. Research has shown that disruptions to the body clock can take time to restore, time students don't have during term four.

So Year 12 students, here's the plan. We suggest that you get up at around your usual time (OK, take an extra hour, but only one). Plan to spend the morning studying and working on past exam papers. This leaves the afternoon guilt free for socialising. It is a wonderful feeling knowing that you have earned a break without that nasty voice in the back of your head reminding you that you have not met the goals you had set. Liberate yourself from guilt and enjoy your breaks from the books by earning them.

There are few in life who can honestly say they love studying. It is challenging not knowing exactly what will be on the exam. Studying is time consuming, repetitive and tiring. When we study the world outside tempts us, it always seems more interesting than the task at hand. For many the greatest study challenge is presenteeism, being

at your desk but not fully in the task at hand. If this is you, here's a different way of thinking about the next few weeks:

'Engaging fully in the moment seems like it would take a great deal of energy. But it is the things we do half-heartedly that really wear us down.'

The FISH Philosophy

The FISH philosophy encourages us to choose our attitude. You have the power to commit to focussed, full on engagement. Such an approach creates energy rather than draining it. Going for it allows us to feel, whatever the result, that we have achieved at our best. There are only a few weeks of the year left in this right of passage called the VCE. Now is the time to engage in the moment and live it!

There are things you can control about the VCE and those that you can't, but everyone can maximise their chance of success. Work steadily through the process, one step at a time, and you will have the prepared mind you long for.

Some students will be very pleased with their results thus far, others will be rueing wasted opportunities. There is little point in dwelling on what could have been but much to be gained by taking stock and actively pursuing the best exam scores you can achieve.

Exams are the culmination of a year's learning and should hold no surprises for those who have prepared carefully. Exams test both knowledge and the skills in conveying this knowledge in the time and form required. This takes practice. Educational research is very clear that the best way to prepare is spaced practice rather than massed practice. In other words, you will perform better if you revisit material and attempt practice questions regularly rather than cramming. Create a study timetable and use it to structure your time at your desk.

One of the best ways to prepare for exams is to undertake past papers. There are only so many ways of testing the knowledge and skill required for each outcome so exam questions tend to be variations on what has come before. Attempting a few questions from past exams in each study session will boost your confidence and skill by building a bank of possible responses that may be utilised in this year's exam. Where appropriate you can even try answering the same question several times, each with different examples. Your teachers will be very happy to receive as many past papers as you can manage and will help you track your improvement. Past exams and examiner's reports can be downloaded from the subject pages at the VCAA: <http://www.vcaa.vic.edu.au> Revision videos and practice exam questions for many studies are also available on Edrolo. All students in these studies have been given logon details.

So enjoy your holidays by making them productive. Know that you are doing your best to finish the year at the peak of your game.

Jo Flack

School Improvement Manager

Spudrick The Therapy Dog

Canine-assisted therapy is a therapeutic technique. It is goal-orientated, and incorporates Spudrick The Therapy Dog, who can improve communication, foster trust, decrease stress and anxiety, and motivate people. Clients benefit from the proximity, observation, touching and tending of a therapy dog.



Spudrick is two year-old West Highland White Terrier, who has undergone formal, intensive and extensive training in order to become a Canine-Assisted Therapist. He works with Jackie (who also gained a formal qualification in Companion Animal Services after two years of study) in her private practice (career counselling). Spudrick visits hospitals (patient support), aged care facilities (including dementia wards), kindergartens (promoting social awareness), schools (assemblies, support), expos and conferences (demonstrations and special guest appearances) and universities (special lectures and support during examination periods). Spudrick serves as a companion to those who attend his sessions, and he has helped clients feel less self-conscious and more comfortable in his presence. The reality of a therapy dog unconditionally accepting people has produced an observable effect on the self-esteem of many people, and Spudrick's presence during Mental Health week at Swinburne Senior Secondary College has made students aware of the work of a Therapy Dog.

This Canine-Assistant Therapist has been making clients feel better indirectly, by making unfamiliar settings or people seem less threatening. He has been providing

comfort to those who may be anxious and uneasy. Therapy Dogs are non-judgemental, accepting and attentive, don't talk back, criticise, or give orders, and offer a non-threatening outlet for physical contact.

*Jackie Love
French Teacher*

A Day of Comfort and Food

Last week on the 5th to the 8th we had our Mental Health Awareness Week, the school focused on raising awareness for students and teacher about mental health. Mental health is known as someone's condition in regard to their psychological and emotional well-being, almost one in four young Australian experience and suffer from a mental illness every year.



The school held the mental health awareness week, to raise awareness as well as raise money. The Senior VCAL students collected donations from both students and teachers, they raised about \$200 that was donated to mental health charity. The mental health awareness week was a success because of the contribution of the VCAL students. The intermediate VCAL class ran their own food stalls, with a variety of sweet and savoury food to choose from, this helped them learn and show entrepreneurship. The senior VCAL students helped organise and set up the jumping castle, the bbq, the petting zoo, face painting, guessing games, live music and video games.



There was a lot of prior planning for this event, by the VCAL students as well as the teachers. In the mid August the Intermediate VCAL Industry and Enterprise class started learning about enterprise and people who showed entrepreneurship, they then focused on what they would sell at their food stall, and how much they would charge for it. The Senior VCAL class also started around the same time, organising the event in their personal development class. They arranged the jumping castle and petting zoo on the day and the people who were going to play the live music. The teachers also made a massive contribution by helping the students organise the event as well as help set up and clean up.

The whole week was a great success. The Intermediate class sold out of the food from their stalls and set a new record for the profit made for the mental health awareness week. The petting zoo and the jumping castle were big hits with students as it was something that we don't get to do on a regular basis. Three people won the guessing games with their prizes being the jars of lollies. Students were spotted with decorative patterns on their faces from the face painting stall as well.

The event was a massive accomplishment. A special thank you to Elizabeth Reardon for providing advice and guidance to the VCAL students.

*Georgia Cook
Year 11 Student*

VCAL - Mental Health Awareness Week

As part of their studies in Personal Development, the Senior VCAL students run a large-scale project that connects the school cohort and local community. The students' focused on good mental health and ran a "Mental Health Awareness Week" in the second last week of term, promoting awareness to students and staff as well as promoting local youth organisation 'Headspace'. Monday's events comprised of a "green theme" dress up day and BBQ, both fundraising for Headspace. It was

great to see green saturated throughout the school and the BBQ sold out at lunchtime! Students' also organised a dodgeball competition to give everyone the chance to blow off a bit of steam.

Thursday was the main event day, with a special extended lunch full of activities including a gladiator ring, face painting, prize competitions, and an animal farm. The Intermediate VCAL students provided four food stands for the day as part of their Industry and Enterprise class with sales going through the roof! Across the week a total of \$540 was raised which will be donated to Headspace.

It was great to see such a high level of engagement across the school and I'd like to congratulate all students involved.

Nick Taylor
Senior VCAL

Year 12 Food and Technology

Our Year 12 Food and Technology students have produced some excellent work over the past weeks. Here's a selection of what they have been working on.



Vivienne Hogan
Food and Technology Teacher

Music News

Term 3 has been quite busy in the Music Department! We completed our second run of lunchtime concerts, with students given the opportunity to run through their exam pieces on Tuesday's and Thursday's throughout August. It was our most successful series yet both in regards to number of performers and attendees. Our two Music Nights followed on from this, with a total of 23 acts performing to finish off the term. It was great to see so many family and friends coming along to support the students as we head into the exam period.

With performance exams held throughout October, students should make sure to continue regular practice and rehearsals with accompanists and bands over the holidays to be as prepared as possible.

Finally, I'd like to congratulate Julian Dods on performing in this year's State School Spectacular as a featured soloist singing the title song. Well done Julian.

Nick Taylor
Music Coordinator



The Paramedic

Day one. Saturday:

The sun was setting on the beautiful Queensland coastline and Yannis Metaxas was getting ready for his nightly run. He threw on his shorts, shirt and runners and barrelled out the flimsy door, his shoulder length brown curls bounced roughly with every step. He called a brief goodbye to his best friend and housemate, Jack Stevenson and went on his way.

There were two things in this world that Yannis hated, daytime and running; but of late he had found that running was the only way he could seem to think clearly. Having his heart pounding in his head and hearing the sound of his heavy and steady footfalls on the sand and pavement were strangely soothing to him. Their rhythmic nature provided a reliable and welcome distraction to the spiralling thoughts and emotions he had in his head.

He wished he could hold a pen and read an anatomy textbook whilst he ran, recent events had caused him too much grief and anguish to allow for efficient study. It's not like that would do him much good though anyway, he hardly even wanted to be a paramedic anymore, not since the incident, Yannis couldn't even save the lives of those most important to him.

Yannis turned the final corner down the street and reached the beach, the beautiful azure waves were forever his temptress, the sirens song of suicide had him wishing for nothing more than to wade out into the waves until he was one and lost within the cerulean tide. Daring to tempt fate Yannis ran close to the water's edge, slowly jogging as the last glimpse of the sun dipped under the horizon. His phone buzzed rudely in his pocket, breaking the serenity of his march. He tentatively reached into his pocket and nearly jumped when he saw the words on the screen "Stavros Metaxas: 3 missed calls". Yannis had not heard from his older brother since the funeral, and the two had hardly parted on good terms. He chose to ignore it and continue on his chosen path down the beach, his feet finding their familiar rhythm after the scare once again.

The five and a half kilometres of contemplation hardly felt like enough to him as the final path off the beach beckoned him to return. He gave the sea one last wistful glance and hurried up the path towards his home, he knew if he stayed out for too long his housemates would be concerned, it wasn't like him to go out on a Saturday night anymore.

Day two. Sunday:

Yannis awoke on the floor with a splitting headache and serious nausea, he had no memory of getting home last night but it clearly hadn't been long afterwards that he had started drinking judging by the empty bottle of vodka

beside him. "Oh god, I'm turning into my father" he thought to himself as he staggered to his feet, Jack had left a bucket for him, dark green with a broken handle. Yannis and the bucket matched with everything else in this little humid house, everything was broken and old before it's time.

The three of them had tried to fix things where they could but being students they simply lacked the budget to do more than duct tape up the cracks and they all knew that no matter what broke, the landlord would never fix it. Regardless of all these faults, Yannis still felt more at home here than he ever had with his family on the outskirts.

Still groggy Yannis staggered into the bathroom and half collapsed over the basin, he looked in the mirror and hardly recognised the face that stared back at him. His olive skin had become so pale in recent weeks that he looked more like a corpse than a person, this was accentuated by the dried blood that was caked under his nose and his stubble covered hollow cheeks.

Looking out the window he could see it was already dark, he hadn't even eaten but god forbid he give up on his nightly ritual now. Yannis pulled his phone out of his pocket and threw it back into his room before creeping out the front door, the loud creak of its rusty hinges announcing his escape.

His phone screen read: 5 missed calls from Stavros Metaxas, 3 missed calls from Costa Metaxas.

As he accelerated down the road he felt the veil of fog lift from his mind, his head still screamed but at last he could think clearly once more. He couldn't imagine why both his brothers were calling him, they and his father Theo had essentially disowned him after chasing him from the funeral.

"I wish it had been you" were Theo's last words to his middle son, however slurred from the alcohol they were they still burned in the back of Yannis' mind and pierced his already crushed heart.

It was a particularly hot night and Yannis could feel the sweat running down his back, his heaving breath grew heavier with every footfall. "Just one step in front of the other" he had to repeat to himself as he neared the beach and his lungs burned in the thick night air.

Police sirens wailed vaguely in the distance and Yannis was called back into the seething mess of memory.

It had been a hot night too that night, the night of the incident. He had even joked with his mentors that the paramedics' uniform for Queensland really ought to be a

singlet and shorts, lest they accidentally make their patients faint from the stench following a long shift.

Yannis had not been on his placement long by that stage but had been picking up the routine fairly quickly, he knew he was made for this.

A few hours into the otherwise uneventful shift the call came in to attend a collapsed and unresponsive woman in the outskirts of Yeppoon, they were the closest ambulance on duty. The sirens roared louder than the engine of their ambulance as the crew speculated as to what the cause of the collapse was. After what felt like an hour but really was only ten minutes the ambulance pulled up at the house in the outskirts, a large man barrelled out with his face wild with fear. Yannis immediately recognised his brother Stavros and in a moment of pure horror he realised what was going on. The familiar house was made almost nightmarish by his overwhelming fear as he and his team rushed into the house that Yannis had grown up in, he hardly even noticed Theo passed out on his chair drunk as they raced into the bathroom after Stavros.

Yannis ran faster along the footpath, he could hear nothing but his racing heartbeat and hurried sobbing breaths.

Artemis Metaxas lay motionless on the garish tiled floor. It did not look like she was breathing.

Instinctively Yannis reached out and grabbed her arm to check her pulse, but recoiled immediately, a shiver of revulsion ran down his spine. She was cold as ice. The rest of the night went so fast it was a blur, but he could still feel his mother's ribs break beneath his hands as he tried to revive her, he could still hear the futile shouts of "clear!" ring in his ears as they sent shockwaves through her frail form again and again in a bid to start her heart once more. Worst of all he would never forget how his world collapsed around him upon hearing those fatal words "She's gone." Yannis stumbled the moment his feet hit the sand, too caught up in the memory to even stick an arm out to stop himself. Overcome by emotion he had buried for weeks, he couldn't even bring himself to cry. He had left his feelings to fester too long and as such pus had caked over and sealed his wounds, his inner turmoil left untreated to spread like septic shock.

He could hear the soft waves in the distance, caressing the shore with the tenderness of a lover and eventually calmed down enough to head home.

Day three. Monday:

The sky above Yannis' head burned crimson with the sunset as he trudged out of the lonely little house. His feet felt too heavy for running but he figured walking was better than nothing. He had been dwelling on what had happened a lot lately, the increasing number of missed

calls from his brothers had made it hard to ignore despite his best efforts. He never considered himself religious but the loneliness almost made him miss the Greek Church, almost.

The shadows from trees resembled skeletal hands reaching for him on the pavement, drawn out eerily by the setting sun. For the first time in his life he had no family to fall back on, no aunts to yell at him in broken English with joy on their faces, no warm yayas to scold him for being too skinny. He was finally the outcast, the shame of the family.

There had been tension in the Church of St. Nektarios but out of respect for their traditions Theo had held off on the barrage of insults for his son until they got to the cemetery. "I wish it had been you" he had muttered in the sweltering heat with his fists balled and his face contorted into one of rage that Yannis had seen all too many times before. He didn't even need to smell the alcohol on his father's breath that day to know he wasn't welcome, and why would he be? He had failed the family, his incompetence had killed Artemis. "If only I had been there sooner" he thought to himself, "then maybe she might still be alive."

He hung his head as he walked, his pace mimicking that of a funeral procession.

It was totally dark by the time Yannis reached the beach, the cool saline westerly would have felt soothing if he couldn't see his brother's hateful stares wherever he looked. Even his own brown eyes accused him when he looked upon his reflection, how dare he try to continue on his path to becoming a paramedic? He never deserved the satisfaction of saving a life since he couldn't save hers.

Yannis dragged his feet through the edge of the water, daring himself to finally wade out into his blackened demise. He would do anything to be free of his shame and guilt. He heard footsteps on the sand behind him and realised that tonight could not be the night he died, a bonfire burned in the distance. He sighed and wandered back towards the path, resentful and envious of the joy that the teenagers gathered around the fire must feel. The walk back up the hill to his home felt like a lifetime, he was so exhausted that he didn't even announce his return to Jack before collapsing on his bed after nearly falling through the front door. They really needed to get that thing fixed he thought, it was a real security problem. Yannis could see the flaking paint on the walls and hoped that he would never wake up.

Day Four. Tuesday:

Yannis had spent the day trying to paint the walls of the house with Jack, he was prepared to do anything to avoid having to study. He was due to resume his placement

soon, he had already extended his bereavement leave for far too long but he couldn't imagine anything worse than hopping in the back of an ambulance again, not with the pale image of his mother's corpse still branded into his memory.

Jack had offered him some company but Yannis declined, saying that he really needed to study and couldn't handle a distraction, this was a blatant lie but he hated having his friend see him like this, he would rather stare at the freshly painted walls than speak about how he was feeling. Jack couldn't possibly understand, his upbringing had been too stable, too undeniably anglo to ever empathise with Yannis' esoteric despair.

It was 11:53 and Yannis couldn't sleep, trying to skip the nightly ritual had been a bad idea. He dragged himself from his bed, knocking over his frantically whirring fan in the process. He wrenched the cord from the wall to prevent its continued, futile, clattering against its cage. He didn't even think to lock the door behind himself before he went jogging down the path, a colony of fruit bats screamed through the clear night sky above him as he went on his way.

His feet once again found their rhythm and Yannis let everything slip from his mind, the houses melted away and he could hear nothing but the bats and the ocean in the distance.

As he grew closer to the beach he was drawn from his hypnotic trance by an unearthly cyan glow arising from the tide. He quickly reached the water and stopped in his tracks, once again facing off with his demons in the sea. But this time it was different, his heart pounded in his chest and his lungs ached with every breath yet he was so overwhelmed by a warm tsunami of emotion that he didn't notice. The bioluminescent bloom sparkled spectacularly in front of his eyes, the ocean no longer called him to death but to life, the beauty that smouldered with every disturbance of the water captivated the young man. The ocean heaved like a resting beast and the fog of grief and guilt seemed to lift from Yannis eyes. Suddenly he knew that he was not at fault for his mother's death. She had likely perished before the ambulance had even been called, his drunken father and selfish brothers had likely been too caught up in their own affairs to even hear her fall.

He remembered his mother's voice in the sounds of the waves, he could feel her kiss his cheek with the caress of the breeze on his face. He would always miss her, but her will washed his guilt away in the sapphire swells. He knew that the best way to honour her memory would be to save as many lives as he could, he knew she would always be proud of him.

For the first time in a long time, Yannis wanted to live.

He ran home with a new lease on life, his heart felt warm and his curls felt light. Yannis ran up the road to his little house, he no longer thought it looked lonely, it was the best home he had ever had. The lights were on and the door was ajar, Yannis knew there must be something wrong as Jack never stayed up this late on a Tuesday night. His blood turned to ice as he heard shouting in the direction of his home. The thick Greek accents sounded strangely familiar to him. He ran faster. He was almost at his doorstep when he heard the gunshots, then nothing. He had arrived just in time to see Jack fall to the floor, a gunshot wound tearing a hole in his gut. Yannis screamed. He knew that a gut wound would kill his friend in 10 minutes if he did not receive help immediately. Rockhampton base hospital was 30 minutes away. Without thinking Yannis launched himself at his friend, he knew he had to stop the blood loss immediately if his friend had any chance of survival. A loud bang broke the silence, and Yannis vision went black from the pain. He crumpled to the floor beside his best friend. A large man stood over him as he tried to crawl in desperation towards him, leaving a bloody smudge in his wake. With the last of his strength Yannis reached out to Jack, his long hair was slick with his blood and sweat. Sirens wailed in the distance as a flicker of recognition flashed across Yannis' eyes as his heart pumped the last of his lifeblood out onto the floor.

Alice Brewer
Year 12 Literature

